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INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

What Happened.

Mrs. Dewberry, wife of James Dewberry, is an exceedingly absent-minded woman, so absent-minded that she sometimes forgets to sew on her husband's buttons and mend his socks, though, as Mr. Dewberry savagely remarks (brute that he is!) she never seems to forget when she ought to have a new bonnet or gown, or thinks she ought, when he don't, for Mr. D. is a man who does not approve of too much dress for a woman.

They would get along splendidly, however, were it not for Mrs. Dewberry's little habit of forgetfulness, and the additional fact that she is somewhat deaf.

But just let me tell you what happened at the residence of the Dewberrys the other night, and I feel sure you will sympathize not only with Mr. Dewberry, but the unfortunate Mrs. Dewberry herself.

Like all partially deaf people, Mrs. Dewberry is forever laboring under the delusion that she hears all description of noises, and happening to wake up last Thursday night about 12 o'clock, became convinced from sundry imaginary sounds, that somebody was breaking into the house. She sat up in bed and listened with both ears, one of which was a little more deaf than the other, and was sure that somebody was forcing an entrance through the basement window. She was dreadfully frightened; visions of masked robbers passed through her head. So, seizing her sleeping husband by the arm, she shook him violently, screaming:

"James! James! Wake up, I say. There's robbers breaking in!"

"What's that?" exclaimed Mr. Dewberry, starting up and rubbing his astonished eyes.

"There's a band of masked robbers getting in at the basement window!" answered Mrs. Dewberry in great excitement.

"Masked robbers!" shouted her husband; "thunder and lightning!" and with that he sprang out of bed, and snatching the night lamp, dashed down stairs, clad only in his *robe de nuit*. Whereupon Mrs. D., instead of hanging over the balusters to look after her husband, as any other woman would have done, locked the door, and, jumping into bed, covered herself, head and all, in the blankets; and, as her husband did not come back quite as soon as she expected, forgot all about him and fell asleep. Meanwhile Mr. Dewberry, in search of the robbers, having armed himself with his cane, crept softly down the basement stairs and peeped cautiously through the keyhole of the dining room door, fully expecting to find the room filled with masked men, making off with the silver. But no, the room was empty; and though he searched every room and listened at every window, he could find no trace of robbers. They might be down stairs feasting on the contents of the larder; he had heard of such things, and acting on this suggestion he explored the cellar also, notwithstanding the cold bricks nearly froze his bare feet. But there was no one in the cellar either, unless they were secreted in the coal bin, and Mr. Dewberry, who, when he did a thing, always did it well, mounted up on the edge of the bin and, lamp in hand, peered down into its grimy depths. Just as he had decided that there was naught but coal in the bin, a gust of wind from the cellar window blew out his light, and at the same instant Mr. Dewberry lost his balance and fell, head first, into the coal bin. It is unnecessary to state what he said when he found himself sprawling in that "beastly coal bin"—he called it—but he certainly did look rather peculiar when, after procuring another light from the kitchen, he gained his bedroom door with his nightshirt, face, feet and hands blackened with coal dust.

To his surprise he found the door locked. He rapped on it with his knuckles, and pounded on it with his feet, but Mrs. Dewberry had gone to sleep with her deafest ear uppermost, and not a sound disturbed her peaceful rest.

"Confound the woman! what am I to do?" thought the victimized Dewberry, shivering with the cold. He'd not stay there all night—that he was determined. So he shouted and banged and shook the door until Mrs. Dewberry was aroused at last, and called out in a sleepy voice, "Who's there?"

"Who's there, indeed!" shouted the irate Mr. D.; "why, your husband, woman! And why, in the name of goodness, don't you unlock this door?"

"I haven't locked the door; no such a thing," vociferated Mrs. Dewberry, who had of course entirely forgotten the circumstance; "and you ain't my husband either," she continued; "I don't believe a word of it."

"Not your husband?" cried Mr. Dewberry; "what's next, I wonder? I am your husband. Didn't you send me to look for robbers that were not there, confound it all?"

"Oh! yes, yes," answered Mrs. D., suddenly remembering all about it. "Wait a moment, Jim., and I'll let you in;" and Mrs. Dewberry got out of bed and began groping her way across the floor.

There being no light in the room, she hadn't gone half a yard before she put her foot into a small bath-tub that Mr. D. had very carelessly left full of water before retiring.

"Bless me!" cried Mrs. Dewberry, "what is that?" and she turned suddenly round, only to catch her foot in the drugget and come splashing down, with both hands in the water.

"What in thunder are you at?" demanded Mr. Dewberry, outside the door. "Do you mean to let me in to-night?"

"Do be patient," gasped Mrs. D. "I'm coming as soon as I get out of this sea of water, whatever it is."

"Sea of water," repeated Mr. D.; "why, the woman must be dreaming yet! Will you wake up?" and he began pounding and knocking again, with redoubled vigor.

"I'm coming, I tell you," screamed Mrs. D.; and feeling around the wall she put her hand on the handle of the closet door, which, supposing it to be the room door, she unlocked and opened wide. But as Mr. Dewberry was not in the closet he did not come out of it, and Mrs. D. perceived nothing but inky blackness. Whereupon she slammed the door to, and uttering a fearful scream, immediately crawled under the bed and went into hysterics.

By this time Mr. Dewberry had come to the conclusion that the robbers were in his wife's room; so, rushing down stairs, he tore open the front door, and ran out on the pavement, screaming murder! fire! thieves! and everything else he could think of, at the top of his voice. A policeman happening along, Mr. D. collared him at once, and, telling him an incoherent story of robbers killing his wife, frantically led the way to his bedroom door, where the hysterical sobs of Mrs. D. were pitiful to hear.

A few well directed blows from the policeman's club soon broke open the door, and Mr. Dewberry rushed in.

"Where are you, Susan?" he demanded, striking around the room.

"Here, James," answered Mrs. D., poking her night-capped head from under the bead, and diving back with a scream as soon as she caught sight of the policeman and soot-begrimed Dewberry.

"Well, well," said the policeman in disgust, "I don't see your robber. You'd better come down and lock your door, sir;" and once more the shivering Dewberry descended the stairs.

By this time his cries of "fire" had bought two engines to the spot, and when Mr. Dewberry appeared at the door with his light the foreman, mistaking it for the flames, instantly turned the full force of his hose directly upon the person of poor Mr. D., and before the policeman could explain, Mr. D. was swept off his feet and doused from head to foot.

In pity, I will draw the curtain over the rest of that wretched night; but the last I heard of Mr. James Dewberry he was sick abed with an awful cold, and I don't wonder at it.

THE POETRY OF SLEEP.

It is interesting to observe what a potent effect the theme "Sleep" has in quickening the pulses of poetic inspiration. The moment a poet begins to write upon this drowsy matter he waxes eloquent. Edward Young, a very unequal writer on general subjects, is uniformly sublime when he treats of sleep. No sooner does he touch on this ambrosial topic than he reaches at a bound something like Shakesperean splendor of imagination. His thoughts acquire new brilliancy, and his language grows prismatic. How fine in fancy and how exquisite in expression are these lines:

"Night, sable goddess, from her ebon throne,
In rayless majesty now stretches forth
Her leaden scepter o'er a slumbering world."

Shakespeare himself is never more magnificent than in speaking on this question. Some of his grandest passages relate to it. What can be more touching than the lamentation of Macbeth that, in having committed a dread crime, he had forfeited for evermore his right to sleep:

"Methought I heard a voice cry 'Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murder sleep'—the innocent sleep;
Sleep that knits up the raveled sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath;
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast."

In striking contrast with this mournful meditation upon his own lot is the murderer's allusion to the peace enjoyed by his victim, Duncan, in the grave; "After life's fitful fever he sleeps well." Not less tender is King Henry's famous adjuration to sleep. Never surely was reproach couched in language more poignantly pathetic:

"Sleep, gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more will weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
O, thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile
In loathsome beds; and leavest the kingly couch,
A watch-case, or a common 'larum bell?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge;
And in the visitasion of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deafening clamors in the slippery cloud,
That with the hurly death itself awakes?
Cans't thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;
And in the calmest and most stillest night
Deny it to a king?"

The marvelous similitude of life itself to a vision and of death to sleep is a thought which appears to have possessed a peculiar fascination for all poets, but more particularly for Shakespeare, whom it always prompts to utterances of more than ordinary sublimity. With this sublimity is mingled a touch of simple pathos which strikes home to every heart—as, for example, in the saying "Tired we sleep, and life's poor play is o'er" and in that saddest, most tragic of all reflections, "We are such stuff as dreams are made of, and our little life is rounded with a sleep." Coleridge rises to a strain of antique eloquence in discoursing about sleep, and of all the stanzas in "The Ancient Mariner" probably the most melodious is this:

"Oh, sleep it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole;
To Mary Queen the praise be given,
She sent the blessed sleep from heaven
That slid into my soul."

What quaint significance there is in that old preterite "slid," and how happily does the word express the soft and noiseless access of slumber! Among contemporaneous bards Longfellow excels in allusions to sleep. There are few passages prettier or more pathetic than the following:

"Oh, holy sleep, from thee I learn to bear
What men have borne before.
Thou layst thy finger on the lips of care
And they complain no more!"

Against this placid, comfortable meditation may be set Young's passionate complaint that sleep,

"Like the world her ready visit pays
Where Fortune smiles; the wretched she forsakes.
Swift on her downy pinion flies from care
And lights on lids unsullied by a tear."

It is to be feared that the experience of the grief-stricken is in favor of this view of the case, and that Sleep and Sorrow are but rarely found in the same bed. Anyhow, there is a placid charm in Longfellow's theory, and but that allegory is dead and realism has well nigh killed the poetic and imaginative in art his verse might serve for the text of a picture. In classic literature, rich as it is in tender sentiments respecting death and its counterfeit—sleep—I do not remember to have found anything more beautiful than this saying of a Greek poet: "Wrapped in heavenly slumber, O say not the good can die!" A great volume might be filled with the sayings of bards—ancient and modern—about sleep; but of all words ever penned on the subject the most sublime are assuredly those of King David: "He giveth His beloved sleep"—a thought of such ineffable beauty and eloquence, so rich in celestial significance and consolatory assurance, that there is no going beyond it.

The Extent of the British Empire.

The British Empire is undoubtedly the greatest that the world has ever seen. Whether considered in reference to population, territorial extent, power or wealth, there is no nation in ancient or modern times that can compare with it. The Chinese alone, perhaps, may boast of a larger population, but it is so inert and sluggish that the country derives no strength from its million. But it is different in England. According to the census returns of 1871, just published, Queen Victoria rules over twice as many people as were governed by ancient Rome in her palmiest days. The actual number of persons subject to the crown of Great Britain is "two hundred and thirty-four millions. Of these only 22,856,164 reside in England and Wales. The total population of Great Britain and Ireland is 31,000,000. By what means this handfull of people, as it were, obtained and retains the mastery over seven times their number, or 203,000,000 of human beings in various parts of the world, will long constitute one of the most serious problems of history.

By an admirable arrangement, the work of numbering the population of England was performed during the single night of April 3, 1871. No man, woman or child in Great Britain escaped enumeration. It was found that the agricultural class in England amounted to 1,600,000; the industrial class to 5,137,000; the professional class to 680,000; the domestic class, consisting of wives, hotel keepers, servants, etc., to 5,000,000; the class of "rank and property" to 168,000; together with a total of 7,500,000 children.

The 203,000,000 of British subjects residing outside Great Britain and Ireland are scattered all over the world. There is scarcely a district in the habitable earth where the English flag does not fly over persons who owe fealty and look for protection to Great Britain. Of course British India constitutes by far the most splendid dependency of the English crown. In that country the British viceroy rules over a population of 191,000,000 persons. Then there are nearly four millions in Canada, one million in the British West Indies, nearly two millions in Africa, Australia about the same, with various tens and hundreds of thousands scattered here and there over various portions of the globe.

The diversity of religion among the subject populations of Great Britain is almost as great as the diversity of language. The Hindoos are most numerous, numbering 98,000,000. There are 41,000,000 Christians; 36,000,000 Mahometans; 2,000,000 Budhists; and 58,000,000 of other various religions. The territorial extent of the British Empire is 7,760,449 square miles, or more than twice as many as our own, and its population is six times as large as that of the United States.

By what means Great Britain acquired this vast territory and population it is foreign to our present purpose to discuss. But it may be admitted that the general effects of British rule over the various subject populations have been beneficent. British laws have followed the British flag, and the down trodden and long oppressed natives of India and other countries have been familiarized with stern, immutable principles of law which protect the weak against the strong. It is probably in this fact that the secret of the success of English rule over her subject and often hostile populations is to be found.

Arkansas etiquette insists that a gentleman shall not eat his dinner with his legs propped up on the back of his neighbor's chair.

Rich Men and Their Sons.

A New York correspondent of the Boston *Times* writes as follows:

How rare it is that rich men have a large number of sons, and how few of their sons have any of the money-saving or money-making capacity of their fathers. Of our three wealthiest citizens, Alexander T. Stewart is childless; Cornelius Vanderbilt has but two sons—William H. Vanderbilt, president of the Hudson River railway, and the inheritor of a good deal of the paternal nerve and energy, and Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., as notorious for borrowing as the senior is for making money.

It was Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., who negotiated loans on his personal responsibility with the kind-hearted Horace Greeley to the extent of some $15,000. The Commodore had long ceased to discharge his hopeful offspring debts, and when he heard the editor of the *Tribune* had been made a victim, he entered the sanctum, and informed the journalist that he would not pay a dollar of the obligation. Of course H. G. had no such expectation, and without looking up from the diagram of Boston he was scratching off with his pen, and calling it copy, he queried in his high key: "Who the devil wants you to, Commodore Vanderbilt?" After the decease of the distinguished journalist, the elder Vanderbilt did relent a little, and sent Ida and Gabriel e Greeley two $5,000 first mortgage bonds on the Harlem railway.

Old John Jacob Astor had two sons, one of whom was deranged, on account, as is alleged, of a fall upon his head in his youth. He lived to be seventy-five, dying a few days ago in a quaint old house in fourteenth street, which had been willed to him by his father as a sort of private asylum. His surviving son, Wm. B. Astor, has more than double the paternal fortune, not so much by judicious investments as by holding to every foot of real estate inherited by him.

He, in turn, has had but two sons Wm. B. Astor, Jr., and John Jacob Astor. The former greatly resembles his father in appearance and disposition. Like him, he is cautious, conservative, phlegmatic, and adheres to his possessions with extreme tenacity. About fifty-three or four, he promises to live as long as his opulent papa, now an octogenarian. John Jacob Astor, who is half a century old, is reputed to have a large share of his grandfather's financial genius. In addition to the vast estate he will enherit, he has acquired some $10,000,000 by his own management, and it is thought he will die as wealthy as his father, whose fortune may be now computed at from $80,000,000 to $100,000,000.

I think Wm. B. and John Jacob Astor likewise have each two sons the dual being the exact number nature seems willing to allow to some of our Manhattan millionaires. Stewart has been deprived altogether of issue, and it appears to be a pity that Vanderbilt and the Astors, grandfather, father, sons and grandsons, could have but a brace of boys each, to expend in riotous living what their progenitors had so carefully accumulated.

AN UNUSUAL BUT EFFECTIVE PUNISHment for School Boys.—In Miss Peabody's "Record of Mr. Alcott's School," we are told he at one time adopted a scheme of vicarious punishment, most unprecedented, in the history of schools; but which appears to have been very effective. He told the scholars that, for a time, he should have the penalty of their offenses inflicted upon his own hand instead of theirs, but that the guilty person must do it. They protested, and said they preferred being punished themselves; but he determined that only by being blameless in their conduct should they escape the pain and shame of administering the stroke upon him.

"On the morning this was announced there was a profound stillness. Boys who had never been affected before, and to whom bodily punishment was a very small affair, as far as its pain was concerned, were completely absorbed. There was more complete silence, attention, and obedience than there had ever been before. And the only exceptions, which were experiments, were rigidly noticed. Mr. Alcott, in two instances, took boys into the ante room to be punished by them. They were very unwilling to act their parts, and, 'at first, struck lightly. He then asked if they thought they deserved no more punishment than that. And so they were obliged to give it hard, but it was not without tears, which they had never shed when punished themselves. 'This is the most complete punishment that a master ever invented,' said one of the boys at home, 'for there is not a boy in school but what would a great deal rather be punished himself than punish Mr. Alcott.'"

shape. The timber work is now going up and a good many carpenters and other workmen are engaged. A large amount of timber is now on hand. Stone for the walls is hauled from the quarry about two miles. The stone-cutters and masons will commence next week. The improvement will be a very substantial and imposing structure, 36x50 and finished in the best style. A new roof and thorough overhauling of the old building will also be made, paint, whitewash and everything necessary to make it not only very presentable, cleanly, but comfortable. The lead works here are already the most extensive, thorough and complete in the United States. By Fall they will also be the most commodious and imposing.